

By and For
the Soldiers
of the A. E. F.

The Stars and Stripes

The Official
Newspaper
of the A. E. F.

Here's a page of stuff right from the trenches, assembled by The Review from a recent issue of the above named paper, published "Somewhere in France."

LITTLE LESSONS IN AMERICAN

A FREE COURSE, WITH SUCCESS GUARANTEED AFTER TEN MINUTES' STUDY

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—Did you ever take one of the Y. M. C. A. courses in French, 13 lessons, 15 francs? After you have mastered the language and have learned all about elision, you know that egg is "uhf," but three eggs are "trwa zeff."

We have elision in American: e. g., "full house" is elided to "fullouse," and "this is it" to "thi sizit."

LESSON NO. 1.—Translate into English the following American:

The lootez t'me gwantu th'office. I starzenstaps t'see some stevedores billda road. Wuntha smokes wurklihell while. He droptiz shovellensd "AhsRussia, Ahsthrul!"

LESSON NO. 2.—Study the following translation of English into American:

ENGLISH.
Why do you not write to me, dear, and so let me know that you are steadfast in your plighted troth? Alas, I fear lest your affection is fixed on some one—more charming, shall I say? It is long since a message has come from across the seas to console and comfort me. When you parted from these shores you declared that not an evening would pass without a letter or a note from you to your devoted

MADLINE.

AMERICAN.
Hey, kiddo, why doncha droppla linetu muh, huh? Aincha gonnabe m'only honey bunch jussasame aziem yours? Or have yuh double-o-ed a dame with bellz on ensd "fare thee" to muh? If y'aint tied a can to muh, why doncha spill summink ona soov neer postul, huh? Before yuh crostha pond, yu speilda lot ensd thev-nin paper coodntum no more regieren billy dooz. Cumacrost. I'll stiekto yuh till althah cowinz U. S. cumohm. Get-wize. I'm witcha.

LESSON NO. 3.—Elide the following English into American:—

All at once. When did you get your last pay? Come on, boys, it is time to get up. Count off. At rest. Let him up. Salute. Lights out.

LESSON NO. 4.—American can be written on a typewriter. Try this once on your Oliver:—
Nowztha time ferall good menta cumta th'auidf their party.

LESSON NO. 5.—French can be translated directly into American:—

"Comment allez-vous?"
"How gozit?"
"Bonsoir, mademoiselle."
"Lo kiddo, wheryu goen?"
"Combien?"
"How mutch izit?"
"Au revoir."
"S'long."

"Avez-vous?"
"Got teny?"

LESSON NO. 6.—Technical terms in American are difficult for English-speaking people:—

ENGLISH	AMERICAN
Ford.	Canopner, or roadlouse.

LESSON NO. 7.—In sports American is widely employed, although English is understood by many athletes in the American Expeditionary Forces. Take this lesson to a ball game and translate the phrases into English:—

Atta boy. He bingledit. Kill th'ump. C'mon in. Ah gwan, he's safe. Put itover. Heseeyz. Nockem cold. Swatit, Hans.

LESSON NO. 8.—Here we come to what is known as obsolete or archaic American. The following is of interest only to students of history. During the great European war the States gradually became dry, and the following terms were dropped from common usage:—

Filleen up. Schoonera beer. Ontha house. Two beerzena rye. (Sometimes called by railroad men "One boiler-maker and two helpers.") Money ontha wood (also, cashontha cushion). Heerz-ow. Heerz looken.

LESSON NO. 9.—Army American differs from plain American. Note carefully:—

ARMY AMERICAN	PLAIN AMERICAN	ENGLISH
In the brig.	Intha lock-up.	In gaol.
Therz chow call.	Time t' eat.	Lunch is served.
Lytzout.	Dousetha glim.	Extinguish lamps.
Countoff.	Lotta bull.	Scarcely veritable.

LESSON NO. 10.—The medical department has a phraseology peculiar to itself:—

MEDICAL AMERICAN	ENGLISH
Markem duty.	Only half dead.
Fallen line.	Inspection.

LESSON NO. 11.—In the United States there still survives old army American:—

OLD ARMY AMERICAN	ENGLISH
Putem intha mill.	Confine them in jail.
Kini go home?	May I visit my
Where d'we gofrum family?	here?
Mailzan hour late.	Letters are very late.
Sawmuh girl.	Met my fiancée.

LESSON NO. 12.—Civilian Americans are scarce. Their language is not now understood by the American E. F., although derived from the same sources:—

CIVILIAN AMERICAN	ENGLISH
Thold woman.	Wife.
Thold man.	Father.
Thold car.	Automobile.
Thold place.	Saloon.
Thold job.	One's employment.

LESSON NO. 13.—This is devoted to the extraction of 15 francs for the course of 13 lessons:—

AMERICAN	ENGLISH
Feenec.	End.

FRANCIS X. COUGHLIN, M. A. Base.

A MAN IS KNOWN BY THE COMPANY HE KEEPS



Free Advice for Lovelorn Lads

By MISS INFORMATION

Conducted for Suffering Doughboys
Far Removed From Their
Affinities

SAMPLE SUREFIRE LETTERS, No. 1
Copy, Fill in Blanks to Suit Yourself

France, July —

Dear ———:
Well, as I promised you when you came down to camp a good ——— ago, I am writing to you regularly, every ———, about the life of "this man's army" "over here," as the boys so slangily put it. Things have been pretty well straightened out now, and we have just taken over a long stretch of ——— from the ———.

They are mighty fine soldiers, those ———, only they've got some awfully funny ways of putting things. For example, they say, "———" when they mean "———" "———" when they

mean "———" "———" when they mean "———" and so forth. But we get along fine with them, except that for the life of us we simply can't manage to drink their ———.

Not that we are doing very much of that sort of thing over here, because the Army rules are very strict and we get good warm ——— served to us ——— times a day to go with the ——— and ——— that form the greater part of our rations. Still, it isn't half as good as the ——— you used to make for me when I came around to see you on ——— evenings. And I have almost forgotten what your home-made ——— tastes like. Sometimes, when I think of you ——— seems very far away.

I wonder if you are going to ——— much these days, and who is taking you to them. I hope it isn't some ——— who could have joined but didn't, or some guy in a ——— proof job that is hollering from the sidelines. It's a terrible

world, ain't it, ———, when you can't be in two places at once? But never mind; "———" as our ——— Allies say.

Well, give my best to your ———, and try to think a little of me if you can with all your ——— work on. And thank you again for those ——— you ———ed for me; they've come in mighty handy.

As ever yours,
*Those three dots can mean anything; good stuff.

OLD AND NEW STYLE—No. 2

In camp back home: Sir, Lieutenant Blank, U.S.R., reports to the Major for duty.

Over here: Sir, I am under orders to report here for work.

Farther north, over here: Well, here I am, sir!

The Army's Poets

THE MUMPS

I once thought that war was a terrible thing,
That France was a helluva spot,
That once you arrived you were all out of luck,
With worry and trouble your lot.
But life's not as bad as some figure it is,
Providing you're there for the jumps,
For here I am taking it easy in bed,
And all that I've got is the mumps.

My right jaw resembled a misplaced balloon,
My skin was preparing to burst;
They said I was due for a "swell" time, at least,
And told me to look for the worst.
But as quick as it rose, just so quick did it die,
Ere yet I developed the dumps;
And while I am taking it easy in bed,
They think I am sick—with the mumps.

I'm getting my eggs every morning with toast;
The regiment's feasting on rice.
They slip me a steak for a starter at noon,
And fix it in ways that are nice;
Confronted at supper with salad and pie,
I laugh till I double in lumps,
For I know they are getting their slum back in camp,
And here I am "sick"—with the mumps.

The reveille blare never worries me much,
I mockingly lie in the hay,
With never a budge till the doctor inquires
"Well, how are you feeling to-day?"
There's no morning drill and I don't stand retreat—
Say, this is the humpest of humps!
But the fellows are sending their sorrow and such,
Because I am "down with the mumps!"
Lt. M. COYLE SHEA, F. A.

THE DRIVER

I'm a slouch and a sloop and a sluffer,
And my ears they are covered with hair,
And I frequent inhabit the guardhouse—
I'll be "priv" until "fini la guerre."
But my off horse, she shines like a countess,
And my nigh made the general blink,
And they pull like twin bats fresh from Hades,
And they're quick as a demimonde's wink.

Oh, it's often I'm late at formations,
And it's taps I completely disdain,
And my bunk, it brings tears from the captain,
And the cooties are at me again.
But when there's a piece in the mire,
With her muzzle just rimming the muck,
Then it's hustle for me and my beauties—
If they don't they are S.O. of luck.

And when there's some route that's receiving
Its tender regards from the Huns,
Then we gallop hell bent for election
To our duty of feeding the guns.
The gas, the H. E. and the shrapnel,
They brighten our path as they burst,
But they've never got me or my chevaux—
They'll have to catch up to us first.

I'm a slouch and a sloop and a sluffer,
And my ears they are covered with hair.

And I frequent inhabit the guardhouse—
I'll be "priv" until "fini la guerre."
But my hosses, they neigh when I'm comin',
An' my sarge knows how hefty they drag,
An' the cap. lent me ten francs this mornin'—
Here's to him an' to me an' the flag!
F. M. H. D., F. A.

CAMOUFLAGE

They tell us tales of camoufage,
The art of hiding things;
Of painted forts and bowered guns
Invisible to wings.
Well, it's nothing new to us,
To us, the rank and file;
We understand this camoufage
—We left home with a smile.

We saw the painted battleships
And earthen-colored trains,
And 'planes the hue of leaden skies
And canvas-hidden lanes.
Well, we used the magic art
That day of anxious fears;
We understand this camoufage
—We laughed away your tears.

They say that scientific men
And artists of renown
Debated long on camoufage
Before they got it down.
Well, it came right off to us,
We didn't have to learn;
We understand this camoufage
—We said we'd soon return.

We understand this camoufage,
This art of hiding things;
It's what's behind a soldier's jokes
And all the songs he sings.
Yes, it's nothing new to us,
To us, the rank and file;
We understand this camoufage
—We left home with a smile.
M. G.

C'EST LA GUERRE

There was a man in our town
And he was wondrous wise;
He batted some three hundred odd,
And he was there for size;
He weighed a hundred eighty-five,
With not an ounce of fat;
This wise boy joined the Q. M. Corps—
Now whaddaya think of that?

But after six months' office work
The Samson guy fell off;
His collar stood out from his neck,
And he began to cough;
He swung a pen from morn till night,
And right from where he sat
Dragged heavy letters 'cross his desk—
Now whaddaya think of that?

They put the light boy in a camp
And fed him up on slum,
Till he became a human being
And learned to cuss, by gum.
The big gink's in a hospital,
And down and out and flat;
The doughboy's got the "Quadee Gare"—
Now whaddaya think of that?
F. A. M., Jr.

WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT FRITZ

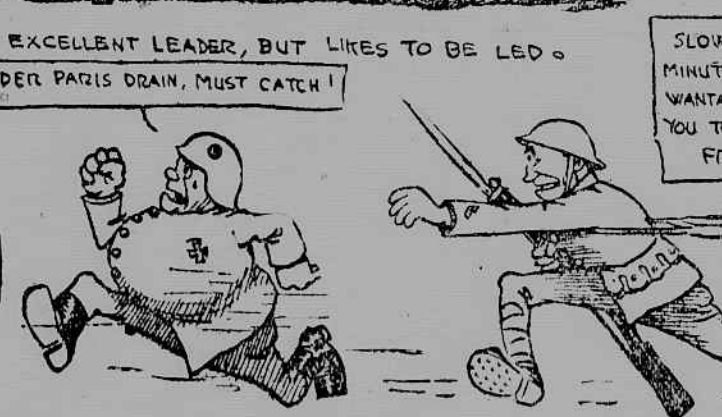
—By WALLGREN



HE IS A FAMILIAR CUSS—
CAN YOU IMAGINE ANYONE WRING IT?
FORT IS GREAT!



HE IS COMMANDED BY A STRANGE
SECT OF SELF STYLED SUPERMEN.
—VERY SELDOM FOUND IN THE
FRONT LINE TRENCHES.



HE OBJECTS STRONGLY TO HAVING STRANGE COMPANY THRUST UPON HIM.



HE IS A VERY POOR BOXER.



HE IS A VERY POOR BOXER.

HELPFUL HINTS.



IS FRITZ PLAYING POSSUM?—YOU CAN EASILY TELL BY TICKLING HIM WITH A BAYONET. ALL FRITZIES ARE TICKLISH WHEN A BAYONET IS INTRODUCED TO HIM.—IF HE GIGGLES DURING THE TICKLING OPERATION, YOU MAY BE SURE HE'S A DEAD FRITZ—BECAUSE NO LIVE FRITZIE WOULD EVER GIGGLE IN A PREDICAMENT LIKE THAT.